

Crushed

by PureScarlet

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Summary: "Crushed, the word itself was wrong because crushing brought all kinds of images, images I tried damn hard to push away but they felt so real I almost moaned". With too much to lose and hearts to protect, can Jane and Maura fight their frenzied attraction to one another? RIZZLES

1. Chapter 1

Disclaimer: I own nothing but the tools used to write this story: my beloved Macbook and my "hipster" reading glasses (correction, my dorky reading glasses).

Authors Note: I'm a newbie to this fandom which kinda sucks because I've heard season 7 will be the last season! Trust me to be late to the partyâ€|I don't normally write stories as I'm more of a song writer but I've stumbled upon some courage or maybe it's down to anonymity, I don't know youâ€|you don't know me. Sounds like the beginning to a beautiful friendship. ;)

Anyways, please leave me with your thoughts. I've no beta reader but I've tried to spot the typos. If you know anyone who can help please tell me! Yaaas? Criticism is always welcomed.

PS: I'm aware that Frost's no longer with us but I just love his character so he'll always be in my stories.

Her eyes were as dark as the night's sky. Today had been bad, one of those days where her answers were more sarcastic than usual, strained and left my patience running low.

"Jaâ€| "

"Shh. No talking during a stakeout. So just shut it, okay?"

I stared at the woman next to me with outrage. No one spoke to me

like that. I wanted to begin a verbal battle with her but a part of me was hurt, because this was new, she'd never spoken to me like that before, not without danger or tension being present. _Was it present now? _We were merely helping Frankie by spying on one of his potential mating partners. This, of course was being done without his knowledge. Jane was just being protective.

Yet, the two words couldn't leave my mind, 'danger and tension' they were out of place. This situation was increasingly confusing. I tried to pinpoint the time where she'd started acting like this but it always came back blank. Lately the frequency of her bad temper had increased strangely after Ian and I moved in together. Personally I thought that she'd be happy for me. Ian and I had been dating for a month after his return from Africa and things were going great. We matched intellectually and physically. He was my chance at happiness and I intended to keep it. Jane's attitude was confusing and to my surprise, it annoyed me.

The fact was, I missed her, I missed the sarcastic jokes she'd insist on sharing and her large smile afterwards. I missed the random coffee's she'd bring me and many other things I'd never actually tell a living soul about. This morning, however, hadn't started out so bad. She had knock on my door with coffee at hand and an almost apologetic smile.

* * Ten hours earlier * * *

_ "Morning," she grinned, "I got you that chia you like so much," _

_ "Thank you Jane," I smiled as our gazes locked for several seconds, "come in, I'll just grab the papers for court. Won't be a second," _

_ "Ah, Rizzoli good morning," Ian smiled and sipped his morning coffee. _

_ I smiled at the two people and turned towards my office. With a sigh, I picked the neatly staked papers and made my way back into the dinning room._

_ "I thinkâ€| " _

_ "She said she'd meet you there," Ian shrugged. "Something about a wrong document," _

_ I nodded and stared at the spot where she had stood, "well, I guess I'll go," I murmured. _

_ "Have a good day my beautiful lady," Ian smiled and kissed my lips. His smile was always contagious and before I knew it, I was smiling as our lips brushed once more. _

_ "See you later," I said and gave him one last kiss._

_Once I reached town hall, I noticed her car pulling in and as I straighten my shirt and fixed my hair, I saw her crazy curly hair flying freely around her face and watched as she battled with it. The hair was winning. _

_Naturally I rolled my eyes at her and hid my smile. The woman had no control not even on that unruly hair of hers. However, as she approached me I instantly noticed her chocolate eyes turn furious and I tried to imagine a possible trigger. I smiled again and asked if she had collected the documents and joked about her disorganisation. Her anger seemed to solidify. _

_ "Let's just go and get this over and done with," she commented and walked away. During court, the lawyer informed us what had occurred and notes were exchanged before the judge had been ready for us. The case had been ongoing for months and it was a relief to see it coming to an end. _

Taking our expert evidence into account along with the victims words proved to be powerful as the judge granted his verdict in our favour.

_ * * Present Time* * * _

I sighed and watched the glass of the car window fog up. I felt tired and would rather be at home but I had promised Jane to help her and true to my word, here we were but this awkward silence was bothersome. My gaze turned to my companion. Her face didn't look away from the steering wheel although it twitched when I breathed out.

Her behaviour had changed rapidly and too often. My mind wandered, I had to rationalise this. We worked together and spent most of our free time together, well that was until Ian and I moved in together. Was that the issue? This was certainly not work related.

This was something different. Her body language was all wrong. I had only seen this type of behaviour once. At the time it meant one thingâ€¦attraction. Strong, undeniable physical attraction! Had it always been there for her? Why was I noticing this now? This was not something to be pursued. I've worked hard to avoid it because it left me feeling pained and irritated. Not to mention the usual carnal need that followed each time I watched her muscles at work. I didn't know it then but attraction had followed to feelings at great speed. It crushed me.

Crushed, the word itself, was wrong to use because crushing brought all kinds of images, images I tried damn hard to push away but they felt so real I almost moaned. Her muscles, those perfect sculptured muscles and her beautiful weight, crushing my body as she moved on top of me. Then her lips finally _crushing_ against mineâ€¦

Yeah, '_crushing_' was the wrong word.

"Janeâ€¦." I whispered, desperate to get away from my own thoughts.

"Stop it," her knuckles turned white as she gripped the steering wheel.

"What?" I whispered, still slightly disoriented from my own insane web of desire for her. When had spying on someone become my personal nightmare? I took a deep breath to calm my heart rate. I thought of Ian, handsome, caring Ian. He was probably at home making us dinner. Angela most likely sitting nearby as they eagerly discussed his time

abroad.

"Stop breathing, stop talkingâ€¦ just stop!" Jane's voice rose as her eyes sent murderous glares at the steering wheel.

"You want me to stop breathing? That's ridiculous for you to ask me such thing. Unless you want me to dieâ€¦"

"Goddamn it. No, I don't want you to die Maura," she slammed her hand against the steering wheel, causing it to sound briefly, "look what you've done. Now our position has been compromised,"

"What I've done? Jane, I think that you need to calm down. I will not have you talking to me like thatâ€¦" Her hands shot out and clamped over my mouth, and I didn't even have the time to blink. I had forgotten how fast her reflexes were.

"I said, stop talking. I need to concentrate and do my job and I can't do that if you insist on talking andâ€¦and breathing. This is why you should have stayed in your office. Leave the goddamn detective work to me," she whispered harshly.

Then the stupidest thing happened. It was so uncharacteristic of me but combined with her anger and my sordid thoughts I started crying and all that it took was a single tear to reach her skin and she wrenched her hand away as if I had stung her.

"Maur?"

I looked away, tried to distract myself. Focused on street signs, the patterns of lights, anything else that was not Jane Rizzoli. She leaned forward, her hands brushing the tears away. I was irritated with my body for the harsh betrayal.

"Maura, I'm sorry," She apologised, the anger she held evaporating, "please don't cry," she whispered. Her hand caressed my cheek, traced my jaw line, my chin, my nose but never my lips. Never my lips. I think that that was the most painful part of it all. I had never had these feelings for anyone, especially for a woman. I was never against same-sex couples, just never lusted after a woman, this left me confused, hurt, annoyed and many other emotions I couldn't care to discover. It was exhausting.

Her face was inches away from mine. It would be so easy to erase the space between our lips. My heart was slamming against my ribs, I was sure she could hear it. Her brown eyes looked sad and desperate but never left my own gaze. Maybe I was getting the wrong message; maybe she didn't want what I wanted. What did I want?

Maybe, I was going insane. Living a lie with a man I claimed to love just because I didn't want to be alone. The sad truth was that people were wrong about me. I didn't have a perfect life and I certainly did not have it all planned out. My life was a mess disguised in beautiful diamonds and designer heels. I should have been ashamed of myself but at that moment, I didn't see anything else but smooth dark hair and mesmerising brown eye. Our breathes mingled together and as I sighed, her eyes narrowed. Then the crushing began. The contact was like lightning. A painfully spike of pleasure and desire and then came the thunder.

I wasn't ready for her response as her hand cupped my face and pulled me closer. Our lips parted and further tears rolled down my cheeks. This time because her taste felt like the sweetest elixir ever created. I wanted more, her arm then surrounded my waist and pulled me until I was on top of her. Her other hand running through my hair pulling me closer if that was even possible but I wanted more and less at the same time.

I wanted more contact, more pressure, her strength and _her_ and less clothes, less space between us. The laws of physics uncared for.

Our breathing was loud and desperate. Our taste crushing together like a tidal wave. _Oh god, crushing. _

The hand on my hair slid down to my neck and then slowly lowered. My teeth dug to the bottom of my lips to keep me from screaming as my mind begged her to touch me further but I never voiced it because I knew. I knew that if our lips fully parted the spell would break. Our eyes would meet and this would end.

And it couldn't end. It was a pathetic desperation of mine. Her hands held me so tight, I was sure I'd bruise in the morning, but I didn't care. Nothing mattered but my desire, my stupid, reckless desire. My hands went down her abdomen, until it reached the top of her jeans and as they lowered further down and pressed onto her clothed core, she growled, the sound like rolling thunder and I almost came right then and there. Her sound vibrated throughout my spine.

My burning lungs did not matter. My back arched as my thighs brushed against her leg, the sensation was going to kill me. And then something happened just as I thought I was going to orgasm from the friction, she pushed me away.

"What are you doing?" I moaned. Our chests raising and falling rapidly.

"Well, Iâ€|I thought you'd like to breatheâ€|"

"Breathe? I don't need to _breathe_!"

"Well, I do!" Jane snapped and looked away from me and cleared a small patch of the window with her hand. We couldn't even see outside, because every window was fogged up.

Then her eyes returned to mine, and I saw it and I would never forget her dark eyes as she looked at me with reverence; she took all of me in, like I was the most precious thing, like my messed up hair and my displaced lipstick was beautiful to her. I felt worshipped and I wanted this feeling forever but as destiny cruelly demanded, everything disappeared. Her gaze turned almost black, our delicate beautiful moment, shattered.

"You need to sit back down. This stakeout is over," she mumbled and started the car.

Then it all became too much. Realising what had just happened became too much. I needed to get out I needed to distance myself from her. For the first time in years, I was beginning to be happy with a man who loved me and came with no baggage. Jane and I, we had too much together. It would eventually destroy us. I couldn't risk everything

for attraction.

I will never know how I did it, but my hands reached for the passenger's door and I stumbled out, my legs weak from wanting her so badly. The cold air hit me like a metal brick. Erasing the warm marks she left on me. My thought rambled out of control. Too much emotion was surfacing. I needed it to stop.

"What have I done?" I cried as I walked away from my desire and towards my home. Where my future lived.

2. Chapter 2

**A/N: I would like to take this opportunity to address some (strange) reviews that were received. I did not take your comments to heart because it did not affect me, you're entitled to your own opinion. I respect that not everyone will enjoy some characters in this story and though there is nothing I can do to change your mind, I hope that you continue to support my story because all good things come to those who wait. Having said that, thank you to the people who spoke up. Also, I have my very first groupie (KSHAY89), I totally feel like a rock star! **

**Lastly, thank you to everyone who has taken their time to read my story. I appreciate it. **

The aroma of freshly cooked food hit me as soon as I crossed the threshold between my home and the world. Soon after I felt his strong arms wrap around my waist. His lips finding the smooth skin just where my clavicle met the scapula. I felt his mouth turn into a smile, "did you and Jane have fun?" He murmured between the feather light kisses.

At the mention of her name my eyes snapped open and I tensed. My teeth dug into my lower lip as a means to stop my mouth from speaking the words that my mind screamed. However, not saying anything proved me wrong as he moved closer and turned me to face him. My gaze dropped to the ground. I felt like I was being observed by hundreds of people. It was almost suffocating.

"Maura?" he whispered and gently cupped my cheeks. His gaze then dropped to my lips, "oh sweetheart, what happened to your lip?" he questioned with worry in his eyes.

"whaâ€|what do you mean?" I asked and ran to the nearest mirror on the wall. Upon inspecting my reflection, my shaking hands flew to my swollen lip where blood oozed from a small cut. My red lipstick now a faint stain.

"Sweetheart?" Ian whispered. "Are you alright? What can I do?"

My eyes rapidly shot to Ian's reflection behind me. His light eyes looked saddened, as if he had an idea of what had occurred between Jane and I and yet at the same time looked clueless and desperate to help. My stomach tightened and as he stepped closer to me once more and curled his arms around my waist. My breath escaped my lips in the form of a cry. This was dirty, this was wrong and yet the only light at the end of this train wreck of a tunnel was the taste of beer and peanut butter on my tongue.

"Oh god," I cried, angry at my mind for taking in the small pleasure of her taste that had lingered. "Umm, I'm fine. It was an accident. I'm fine," I told him.

Ian nodded and looked away, "You must be careful my love. Why don't you go and wash up then come down to eat?" I responded with a nod and rushed upstairs towards my master bathroom.

Piece by piece my clothes were peeled off and carelessly dropped on the floor beside my trembling legs. Then I turned the tap and watched the rush of hot water fill the white tub. I can't remember how long I was standing still but before I knew it my feet stepped into the tub then my body submerged into the hot water. My back arched, allowing the water to cover my head. With my breath held, I felt the odd sense of loneliness and want wash over me. It felt strangely good; it felt like the water kept my emotions at bay. I fought a little longer to stay under the water until my lungs cried for oxygen and I obeyed their request.

-/-/-

Throughout dinner, conversation was kept to a minimum as Ian and Angela felt the awkward atmosphere lingering over me. Angela asked several times whether Jane had caused my discomfort. I could tell she was worried about Jane too but the maddening selfish side of me wanted to demand her to feel no pity for her because she deserved no pity. Not for what she had done. I deserved none either.

As midnight approached, Ian kissed me goodnight and retired to bed.

"I'll be there soon," I whispered. He nodded with disappointment and walked away.

Seconds later my phone vibrated, indicating a message had been received.

Jane Rizzoli:** Open the door**

Maura Isles:** No.**

Jane Rizzoli: **Maura, please.**

I hadn't expected her to talk to me much less come and see me. For a brief insane moment, I thought she had called to continue where we had left off but as I opened the door and looked at her, her tone said it all.

"Maur."

"What?" I whispered harshly, feeling angry and embarrassed.

"I need to speak to you,"

I stepped outside and quietly closed the front door, "No. Ian just retired to bed and your mother is probably still awake," I hated her. I hated her for making me want her so much to then ripping it from my hands. Her hair danced against the fierce wind, it looked like incredible silk. It was beautiful, she was beautiful.

I shook my head. I couldn't get distracted. With determination and courage fuelled by anger, I stepped closer to her in order to intimidate her and for me to gain some control, "what happened? Why are you so angry at me lately?"

"Is this a joke? I can't work out if you're serious," she responded without glancing at me. Her hands stuffed into her pockets.

"I can assure you Jane that this is noâ€|. "

"You!" she interrupted. "You! That's what has happened! You with the way you say my name. Do you have to drag it out so much? _A_nd those tight skirts, perfect hair andâ€|your google mouâ€|mouth andâ€|god! You're so hot! Fuck-sake, even your breathing turns me on!" she sighed with frustration and ran her hands through her curls hair. I froze in shock.

"The worse fucking part is that you've got fucking "Mr perfect" living happily ever after with you and now you're playing house and I've gotâ€|"

"Casey." I added.

"Right." She laughed.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" I asked, anger building up.

"Because I didn't fucking know! Alright? It was only until recently that I've...I've wanted toâ€|I don't even know what I wantâ€|"

Anger boiled up inside me, "then leave me alone. I will not leave Ian and destroy our family because you're unsure of what you want! God! This is so you. You drive me crazy, you make me want you then you become you! You're insufferable and idiotic and moronic and I hate you!" I sighed trying desperately to be quiet, "Okay, I don't technically hate you butâ€|"

"Stop,"

"Stop _what_?" I yelled for the first time, _whoops_.

"Being angry! It makes me want you more,"

My eyes widened, "Janeâ€|I don't know whâ€|"

Whatever I was going to say was lost to a frantic kiss that left me feeling breathless again. Then as soon as it had happened she pulled back and looked me in the eye.

"I need to breath and think," she cried as our chests heaved. Then turned and walked down the pathway. I watched her pace up and down my street.

I rolled my eyes, irritated at the situation because right now, this is what it was. A situation.

"Did the _breathing_ help?" I asked, voice dripping with sarcasm.

"No," she sighed.

I closed my eyes, this had to stop before it began, "I think you should go. Forget this ever happened. We both have stressful jobs and it all became too much. You're not to blame. Don't punish yourself. You do not have feelings for me and the feeling is mutual. We spent too much time together and now that I'm living with Ian, it's natural to want to compete for my attention. Go home, find Casey and spend time with him. You'll see," I smiled and looked at her. I wasn't sure who I was trying to convince her or myself but when she looked at me and sighed, my stomach formed a knot and my heart tightened.

I'm Pathetic, my mind screamed. My hand rested on my abdomen as I waited for her response.

"Forget about it?" she contemplated, "Isn't that kind of hard? We see each other everyday,"

"Then we move past this. We're adults and we're best friends," I added.

She looked up, marinating the proposal, "Hmmm, okay. I guess I'll see you tomorrow?"

I nodded, not fully trusting myself to speak and forced a smile. This was going to be hard, but I had to do it. Had to be strong for her, for our family and for Ian. I'd lock my love somewhere and hope it would die on its own. I've succeeded before today and will continue to do so.

Several minutes later, tears streamed down my cheeks as I lay in bed and watched Ian's chest rise and fall as he slept. I had just admitted to myself that I had romantic feelings for Jane Rizzoli.

-/-/-

I was caught somewhere between half-conscious and half-asleep where everything was peaceful, dreamy and weightless. Where I allowed my mind to play with possibilities. Where strong hands gently mapped my back and hips until they made their way towards my most sensitive parts. Why did I taunt myself? Would I feel a hot breath tickling down my neck? Would there be gentleness? Roughness?

Once my eyes slowly opened, I was greeted with a large smile and a gentle kiss, "You're so beautiful when you're sleeping," Ian murmured. I smiled in response and brought our lips together.

"Are you feeling better this morning?" he asked. I nodded and smiled.

"So, what're the plans today?"

I breathed slowly and cleared my throat, "Jane wanted us to meet Frankie's new girlfriend," Ian nodded and then sighed.

"Are you going to tell me what happened yesterday?" he asked.

My heart started to beat rapidly, I was not ready for his questions

but I had to say something, "we had a minor disagreement, honestly nothing to alert the media about," I responded then rolled over to avoided his gaze because I knew that my behaviour had hurt him. Then after moments of silence, I sighed and pushed myself off of the mattress.

The rest of the morning went by fairly quiet and as the afternoon approached, I sighed and stretched my back before collecting my jacket and walking the short path to "The Dirty Robber".

-/-/-

"Hmmmâ€|.you've gotta try this pie!" Jane exclaimed.

My eyes instantly rolled, "I'm not hungry and besides I thought we were meeting Frankie," I said, trying to sound as neutral as possible even when my mind screamed at me. I briefly wondered how she managed to look so unmoved about our situation, was she over it already? Did it mean nothing to her? My thoughts however were interrupted when the curly haired idiot tried to shove a fork full of pie in my mouth.

"Just taste this, please?" she pouted and tried to feed me again.

"Fine! But I'm capable of feeding myself Jaaayne," I said and took the fork. As the hot pie melted into my taste buds, a small accidental moan left my lips. I had to admit the pie was amazingly sweet and left the taste of cinnamon on my lips. It was almost as good as Jane. Wait. No, this kind of thought had to leave my mind. It had the annoying habit of popping into my mind without my permission.

If I hadn't been arguing with my mind, I would have noticed that Jane had not said a word for over a minute. She hadn't even gloated about the fact that she was right. This was a good pie. We made eye contact for the first time since last night, my blood rushed to my chest. Her hands were gripping the table as if she was holding herself back and her chest was heaving, she was aroused. This was dangerous.

The facts were these: Jane wanted me and I wanted her. Yesterday proved both statements to be factual however, sexual attraction was not enough to destroy two relationships and put us in harms way. I needed to decide on the best course of action to reduce damage and fast.

I got up abruptly and practically ran out the diner. I couldn't stand to be in the same room as Jane, not right now. It was too soon. As I sprinted down the street my breath thundered in my ears. Why couldn't she control herself? We had agreed on this. We agreed to bring things back to normal. Perhaps we needed to stay away from each otherâ€|we needed a break. Rationally, I knew my feelings would subside as time went. I knew that one day, I'd probably be able to look into her eyes without wanting her and without losing my sense of what was right or wrong.

I felt dizzy, and had to stop running. Spots danced before my eyes, and I stumbled whilst not moving at all. Then I simply fell but of course, she caught me.

"You're everywhere!"

"Sorry Maura, I'll try harder not to be everywhere,"

"Why do you do it? Why are you everywhere? Even when you're not physically present, you're still here," I assume it goes without saying that I wasn't exactly on top form as I sprouted this nonsense.

"You see me when I'm not around?" she grinned.

I groaned and glared at her, "let me go,"

"If I do that you'll fall,"

"I won't," I tried to shove her away but she was stronger than me.
Damn her. "Don't do that again," I whispered.

"Do what?" she whispered back, panting slightly.

"I think we should meet Frankie's girlfriend another day. I want to go home and lie down,"

"Lie down?" It was wrong how she was able to turn what I said into something decadent and wicked.

"Bye Jane!" I said and pushed myself away from her.

"You should shower first. The hot water will relax you. The soap will leave your body shining almost like a diamond,"

"Jane, what're you doing?" I asked, though it didn't come out as sharp as I wanted.

She stepped closer to me, "If someone were to...lick your throat, you'd taste!"

"Jane stop," I whispered and looked at the ground. Why was she doing this? Did she enjoy the torture? Was this just a game to her? How could she be so selfish?

She was so close; I could almost taste the pie she had just eaten.

"If someone were to bite you, would you scream in pain or pleasure?"

I wanted to run but my feet were glued to the ground, "I can't believe you," our eyes connected and I knew she was aware of her affect on me. Her brown eyes had plunged into darkness. She looked almost wicked and amused.

"You're bothering me," I said, my voice trembling. I was so aroused that I had to bite my lips to stop me from begging her to push me against the nearest wall and fuck me hard.

She stepped closer and I stepped back. Distance. We needed distance.

"Sorryâ€|" she whispered. The playful glint in her eyes disappeared as she stepped closer. Our breaths mingled, our eyes locked. We were at each other's mercies, it was like a gravitational pull and the force was strong, irresistible. Her hands gently but firmly pushed me against the wall and with a sigh of defeat; we both surrendered. The kiss was like no other. It was raw, desperate and passionate. I felt awake and asleep at the same time, the sensation felt bone deep. My eyes squeezed shut and I could've sworn that I saw stars. I groaned into her mouth and pushed myself closer to hers.

When our lips parted, it felt almost soul crushing. I didn't want to look into her eyes because I knew that she'd give us a reason to stop. I know that I should have ended it myself.

"Mauraâ€|" she whispered. I shook my head and looked at the ground. I could feel tears welling up in my eyes. I felt her hands trembling as she cupped my face.

"This thing that's going on between usâ€|itâ€|it needs to stop before we take it too far," she smiled almost sadly. Her thumbs caressed my lips and it sent a shiver down my spine.

"So, what do you suggest we should do? My previous suggestion obviously did not work"

"See less of each other?" She suggested.

"We have to work together and people will start asking questions. We cannot show any signs of weakness. I think the best possible plan is to never be alone together. This attraction between us only intensifies when we're alone. Therefore, we shouldn't be alone," I whispered, still millimetres apart.

She nodded, "We should crank up the romance, go on more dates â€|"

"How in the world would us dating help the situation?"

"Not each other!" she laughed, the sound making my heart beat faster. I wanted to wrap my arms around her and kiss her again.

Then as if she had been reading my mind, the laughter stopped, "I'd like to kiss you one last time,"

My eyes drifted to her lips. Our breaths mingled once again and my hands started to tremble once more. I couldn't understand why each time we were this close self-control was difficult.

"I'm going to kiss you now." I nodded and closed my eyes.

"Jane, Maura! There you are!" Casey shouted from across the street and ran towards us. We immediately sprinted apart. Though I was a little worried of what he had seen a small part of me felt irritation towards him for interrupting our moment. Jane and I never had that one last kiss and now my mind did not have the chance to store the desperately wanted moment into my memory. This left me greedy.

"I've been looking all over Massachusetts for you," he grinned at Jane and placed a kiss on her lips. The kiss that should have been mine. My eyes closed and I looked away. I did not want to see and I

did not have the right to claim her affection as mine own.

Seeing my discomfort Jane turned to me and smiled sheepishly. I needed to end this moment and quickly, "I've to go," I said and started to walk away.

Jane called me but I didn't turn around, I groaned and continued to walk away. I could have sworn that Jane had told him to let her go. I hadn't even realised that I had been holding my breath until my lungs felt like they were squeezing me closed.

Shame seeped through my veins once my breathing went back to normal because a small part of me had hoped that Casey had seen us, I had wished to be caught, I had wished to destroy two relationships and complicate a family. Only in the confines of my own space did I let my tears fall. It made me angry because whilst I cried, Jane was out there most likely wrapping her arms around that man and smiling like the sun shot out of his ass.

"Ugh," I groaned and followed the corridor that led to the kitchen. Perhaps wine would help.

-/-/-

"Sweetheart,"

I felt a slight shake as Ian awoke me and as my eyes slowly opened I was greeted with his kind smile. "I don't even remember falling asleep" I told him with the evidence of sleep in my voice. "What time is it?" I asked as my hands shot to my head. I must have passed out after several glasses of wine.

"A little after four. I ummm, saw Jane and Casey whilst I was at the station earlier and invited them over for dinner. I hope that's okay?" He smiled. My eyes widened slightly. How was I going to cope with seeing the them for an entire evening if I couldn't handle a few minutes this afternoon? Reaching for the bottle of wine on the table I drank several mouthfuls and mumbled my response. Ian's head shook as he took the bottle from my hands.

"I think you've had enough" he sighed. "I'll make you a coffee: seriously Maura, this is so not like you. Please talk to me," he cupped my cheeks and brought our lips together, "whatever it is, we can handle it together". I couldn't look at him, his eyes were so honest, so good. I feared that he would be able to read mine. Clearing my throat I stood up from the couch.

"Why were you at the station?"

"Oh, I was going to bring you lunch but Jane told me that you weren't feeling well,"

I nodded, "Iâ€|umm...I need to get dinner ready." I murmured and strolled to the kitchen without uttering another word.

-/-

Glancing at the clock, I sighed for the fourth time and met the bottom of the glass once more. This must have been my seventh glass of wine and I'd be lying if I said that it wasn't getting to my head

slightly. Just then the door bell sounded. Jane was just in time.

"Smells good in here," I heard her, "thanks for inviting us over Maur,"

I glanced sideways at Jane as I dished the food, "didn't have much of a choice. Ian kind of sprung this up on me,"

She chuckled and moved closer to me until I felt her breath on me. I held mine and panicked. Ugh! My mother would be ashamed.

"Jaaaayne..." I warned her.

"Relax," she whispered, "I was just grabbing a sweet potato fry and have you noticed how you only drag my name out when you're annoyed or trying to get a rise out of me?"

My eyes rolled, "hadn't noticed" I said, sarcasm clearly evident, I was getting good at it.

"You and Jane have been dating for a while now. Any plans to start a family?" Ian asked as we ate.

Casey laughed nervously and glanced at Jane, "we've not discussed it. Though, I'd love to see a little Jane Rizzoli walking around one day," he smiled.

My eyes rolled, "Don't you think it would be a little careless to have a child? With you out of the country more often than you're in it?" I sipped my drink and looked him straight in the eye.

Jane's eyes widened in shock, Casey scratched the back of his neck, "Ummm..."

"Ummm? Really, Jane? You sure know how to pick them," I could hear what I was saying but I couldn't stop myself.

"Maura!" Ian warned lightly.

I looked at Ian then turned my attention back to Casey, "I don't think you would choose Jane and your child over your job. And do you know what would happen?" my brow raised, "I'd be the one stepping in and taking care of your child and Jane's every need and believe meâ€!" I smiled and glanced at a shocked Jane, "It would be very pleasurable for the both of us," my grin widened as I sipped the rest of the wine. I felt giddy and accomplished because I had managed to leave Jane Rizzoli speechless. Then just as fast as it had happened, shame came crushing down.

Ian, I thought. "Ian, I'mâ€!"

"No, forget it Maura," he placed his napkin on the table and stood, "Jane, Casey, it was lovely seeing you. I apologise for ending this evening so prematurely but I've suddenly lost my appetite," he looked sad. My hands covered my mouth as tears blurred my vision.

"Maurâ€!" Jane finally whispered.

"Don't." I raspedâ€| "please just leave," as the two left, I took the dishes back to the kitchen and blew out some candles before I followed the glowing light coming from our bedroom.

"Ianâ€|" I knocked on the door my heart was beating wildly in my chest. I wanted to run and hide but Ian deserved my honesty.

He sat on the edge of the bed, "just tell me one thingâ€|are you two having an affair?"

"Ianâ€|" I stepped closer to him.

"Damn it Maura! Answer me," his voice raised.

"No. We kissed for the first time yesterday but we're not having an affair,"

"Just once?" he asked.

"Andâ€|once again today but we have both agreed that it was due to stress and that spending time apart would do us great. I promise there is nothing going on," I sat besides him and took his hands in mine.

"Ian, I'm so sorry," my voice trembled, "I don't know what has gotten into me lately. I love you and want you,"

"Are you in love with her?"

"What? No," I shook my head, "She's very attractive but I almost certain that I'm notâ€|I'm not inâ€|inâ€|love with her," I stuttered.

"Almost certain? What the hell does that even mean?" He looked at me. I could see that he was angry and upset.

"I feel love for Jane but I'm not in love with her. I'm perhaps in lust with her but not in loveâ€|"

"In lust?!" he exclaimed, "How the hell do you think that makes me feel Maura?"

He stood and started to pace, "how long have you felt this way?"

"Ian stop pacing. It makes me nervous,"

"Maura, how long?"

My eyes closed, "About a week after meeting her," I honestly answered. My head dropped to the ground.

"Jesus! Are you in love with me?" he asked, "actually, don't answer that," he laughed, almost bitterly. "I don't think I'd like the answer. Iâ€|I need to go for a walkâ€|" He rasped, "I need to think. Don't follow me,"

Tears frantically streamed down my face as the front door slammed loudly. I didn't know what to do and who to turn to. I couldn't ring

my mother because she wouldn't understand. Could run to Angela because Jane was involved and I couldn't reach out to Jane because it would make matters worse. I was alone and I felt angry. At that moment I was the definition of 'wallowing in self-pity'. I was angry because Jane had gotten the better end of our deal. She and Casey were most likely curled up in bed and watching a movie and feeling content whilst mine was shattering. I had to put this right with Ian but I couldn't go without seeing Jane because not seeing Jane was like not being able to breathe, it felt like an impossible task.

3. Chapter 3

A/N: Sorry for the delay guys! It was my fiancÃ©'s birthday and we had a totally clichÃ© trip to Paris. Twas beautiful though but I'm back now!

Thank you some much for reviewing, messaging & alerting this story. I hope you guys enjoy this chapter, you guys are my muse.

PS: I've been on this earth for 23 years and I cannot for the life of me distinguish the difference between affect and effect no matter how many people have tried to help me. So sorry.

Chapter 3

I was greeted with the warmth of the morning sun and the coldness of an empty bed. Ian had not returned. With a groan, I sat up and massaged my temples, I was definitely feeling the effect of too much alcohol. The events of the previous night coming back to me, making me cringe, It was so unlike me. Grabbing my phone I noticed the many missed calls from work and sighed, none from Ian or Jane for that matter.

The smell of coffee brought me out of my thoughts as I travelled to the kitchen. Angela must have been using the coffee machine. However, it was not Angela who greeted me but Ian. "I've made you coffee," he murmured as he sipped his own drink.

"Thank you," I responded, almost quizzically. This felt too normal. Had I dreamt the whole experience?

"We need to talk once you get home from work" he stated. Unfortunately, it wasn't a dream. I nodded in response. What else could I say? I'm sorry? Was I Sorry? This made me feel terrible. Before either of us could speak, my phone began to ring, obnoxiously and for the first time in my adult life the interruption was welcomed.

"Isles," I answered. "Yes, I'll be right there,"

-/-/-

"Don't touch that body or anything around it until Maura gets here!" I heard her grunt towards a scared looking police officer. Having not been detected by Jane, I took the opportunity to follow the contours of her toned body and watched how her muscles easily flexed as she gripped her hips. Her posture clearly demonstrating dominance. She was the alpha of the group, no doubt about that.

I watched how she carelessly flicked a few hair strands backwards with a finger as her curls danced with the wind. My own fingers twitched, wanting to gently sweep her hair away. Would she gasp as my fingers touched her skin? Its amazing how often my emotions changed around her.

Taking a deep breath, I straightened my posture and walked towards the remains. The pull she held on me felt almost gravitational, my stomach flipped when the sound of her raspy voice became closer, the feeling almost making me feel nauseous, was this what "butterflies in your stomach" felt like?

"Doctor Isles, finally joining us?" Detective Frost teased.

I smiled in return. Desperately trying to avoid Jane's eyes.

"We've secured the area for you," Detective Frost said. "Jane was persistent that no evidence was to be moved before your arrival,"

My neck moved so quickly towards Jane that I could have sworn I had suffered from a minor whiplash.

"Th...thank you Jane," I cleared my throat. She smiled at me, the kind of smile that showed her dimples. The kind of smile that was contagious and made me forget about anything and anyone else. I hadn't realised we hadn't spoken for longer than acceptable until detective Frost cleared his own throat.

"So, umm, can you give us a time of death?" He asked. His hands scratching the back of his neck. Did we always make him this uncomfortable?

"Discolouration suggests livor mortis has occurred, this usually happens one to two hours after death and lividity will then become fixed approximately eight to twelve hours postmortem. Of course, as we know, after death blood stops circulating the body and livor mortis is the process of where blood pools towards the ground due to gravity," I explained. "But! As you can see, this man's arm, which has not been resting on the ground has a blood pool meaning lividity stopped here,"

"So he was moved?" Jane asked.

"Yes" I smiled and looked into her eyes, unable to stop myself.

"Rightâ€|. " Detective Frost sighed, "so time of death?"

"I cannot say"

Both detectives sighed.

"Because this man did not die here, livor mortis is not reliable as a time of death estimate. Not without taking environmental factors into account,"

"Was it murder?" Detective Frost asked.

"If a body has been deliberately moved after death. I think the

answer would be yes!" Jane smirked.

"Not necessarily, someone could have moved the body for many reasons. Perhaps they stumbled upon the deceased and moved them to a more public place so that they could be found or carnivore attraction could have move the body"

"and also, I read this exciting article based on fauna and flora's impact on human remains a few weeks ago and it had visually shown the remains had moved several metres away from their initial place,"

"Oh! That's so funny, I read the same article yesterday!" Jane smirked. I rolled my eyes knowing that she was making fun of me, "and Maura, were you speculating..."

I shook my head, "merely suggesting various reasons for the deceased movement postmortem", I shrugged and smiled at the two detectives. We were acting as if nothing had happened, the feeling made me slightly queasy because it felt natural yet forced. So I thought. Glancing at the sky, I noticed the sun was no longer vibrant but a pale comparison as the clouds rolled in and hid the bright star. Jane noticed it too.

"We might wanna pick up the speed. The sky is looking angry," Jane said with her hands stuffed in her pockets, the epitome of confidence. I sighed internally.

Several minutes later, heavy rain poured around us, the droplets so loud that it drowned any other sound, "Maura!" Jane whined and used her jacket to covers some forensic evidence. Frost had disappeared at the first signs of rain.

"I'm done," I told her and stood up.

"Make sure that all of the remains are safely sealed and sent to the lab," I yelled over the sound of the downpour. A young, flushed looking CSI nodded and hurried away towards the makeshift tent they had built.

"Where's your jacket Maura?" Jane grunted through gritted teeth. Her eyes looked dangerous, as if she was throwing daggers at me. What could have possibly made her angry in the space of half an hour? The rain? That wasn't my doing. I would have glared at her but she looked strangely attractive with wet hair and soaking clothes, it made her look more primal. The feeling of excitement filled my stomach once more as I thought of my tongue following the path of the raindrops and of our wet bodies crushing together in ecstasy.

Wait, no! What's with all the crushing thoughts? These mental images needed to leave my head, why couldn't I control my thoughts around her? This morning I was determined to expel these sordid thoughts from my head for Ian but half hour in Jane's presence, these actions shattered.

Several seconds that felt like minutes later, I registered that she had spoken to me, "in the car I dialed" I looked down at my blouse and immediately stopped talking as I understood the issue. How was I supposed to know that my wet clothes clung transparently to my body?

"How'd you miss the weather forecast that said it was going to rain? You are always prepared," she said, sounding almost accusative, like I had planned for this.

I huffed in anger, "Unlike you, Jaaaaayne," I said, deliberately elongating her name, "my evening was cut short. Of course, you would have known if you had bothered to check on me," I tried to look unaffected. I knew I had told her to leave but I had hoped no _expected_ her to have stayed.

"You and Casey probably went home laughed at my expense andâ€|andâ€| " I could end that sentence because the image of Jane and Casey together made me feel sick. Then the sudden thought entered my head, was this just pure sexual attraction to Jane or did she feel the way I did? I know that I couldn't place my own feeling into the right category but I wondered if she constantly thought about me, if she smiled at the thought of me. Did she feel excitement just before seeing me? Was it all just me? I knew that she cared for me but to what extent?

"That's not what happened," Jane shouted, I struggled to hear the rest or maybe I didn't want to hear it but then a gasp left my lips as she tugged me towards the cars, "that's not what happened," she repeated, this time a millimetre away from my ear.

-/-/-

We drove back to the precinct in separate cars, I was thankful for this because it allowed me time to recollect my thoughts and to breathe. Thunder had started a few seconds after leaving the crime scene, the rain continued to thrive.

Jane followed me directly to my office. No words were exchanged. I felt electrically charged and with the potential to unleash dangerous, delicious shocks. My body shivered.

"Here," I said, throwing a towel at her, "you're creating a puddle on my floor," I smiled to ease the tension.

"Thanks," she smiled, her dimples almost showing. Our eyes met and lingered for a while as we took each other in.

"Maura," she said and walked closer to me. I stepped back, space, space was needed. The thunder outside roared loudly.

"Casey went home when we left your house. I told him to go. I told him that I needed space to think," she looked at the ground. Was Jane Rizzoli nervous? "I didn't tell him why I needed to be alone, I should have,"

"Then why didn't you?" I asked my curiosity peaking.

"Honestly?" She took a further step towards me, "I didn't want him to stop me from going back to you,"

"But you didn't anyway,"

"I did," she said, standing so close that I could almost feel her breath on me. When did she get so close to me? "I would have climbed

to your room too but Ian told me that you were sleeping,"

"I wasn't waiting, Ian? You spoke to Ian?"

"Briefly. He told me that you guys had a minor issue after we left but that everything was sorted. I asked to see you but he said that you were sleeping and that you'd call me when you woke up," she explained.

"Maura!" she whispered. "I'm glad that Ian stopped me last night because I can't keep myself away from you,"

"Then don't," I rasped.

"No!" she whispered and put her hands on my shoulders and gently but firmly pushed me against the wall, her eyes digging into mine. "I mean that when I'm near you I feel my body shaking with want and I'm losing self-control, It's killing me that I'm doing this to Casey," she murmured, I could see tears forming in her eyes. "but at the same time it's destroying me to see you everyday and not being able to take you in my arms and crushing our lips together,"

Crushing my breathing hitched at the word and her eyes darkened. I tried to distract myself with other matter, I tried to be the bigger person but who were we to try and fight it? With a joint sigh of defeat, we both gave up at the same time. In the instant before our lips met, I had a vision, where in my mind I was standing right at the edge of a skyscraper and if I looked up, I realised I'd already fallen a long way, and that I actually stood on a ledge. If I looked down, I realised that the earth was so far I couldn't even see it. Jane's lips on me felt like an invisible force was pushing me towards the edge and if I were to stumble, I wouldn't be afraid, I'd hold on because I'd know I'd be safe.

My screaming lungs brought me back to reality; I pushed my body closer to hers, arching my spine so that my breasts rubbed against hers. The sound of her approval rushed down to my very core, and I held onto her soaking jacket, my fingers like claws around the collar as my knees buckled. Then her lips left mine and felt like I wanted to cry. Was she regretting the kiss already? Couldn't she see that I needed her right now?

But with an almost animalistic growl, she leaned down and kissed my neck and bit me hard enough to coax several moans and soft screams, "Fuck!" she moaned as she kissed, bitten and licked my neck. My hands raked her back and my fingers dug into her glorious muscles so that she knew and felt just how much I wanted her and how she affected me.

Her lips returned to mine for a few chaste kisses unlike the previous ones these were softer and loving but still contained a little desperation. When our gazes met, our eyes screamed what we couldn't verbalise.

"I can't stop this Maura!" a pained expression came over her face, "I want you. I want you so much that it pains me to see you with Ian,"

The mention of his name made me visibility flinch, "He thinks we're having an affair,"

Her eyes widened, "What did you say?"

"The truth Jane,"

"Which is?"

"We kissed and that I'm sexually attracted to you,"

"Is that all?" She asked after a full minute of silence.

I bit my lips and looked down, "Iâ€|ummm, I thought it was merely sexual attraction but, ummmâ€|"

"Maur," she whispered and gently cupped my chin until our eyes met.

"I've been having these constant thoughts that maybeâ€|ummâ€|maybeâ€|" She brought our lips together and we smiled as we kissed.

"Maura, with you sexual attraction isn't enough. I can't stay away from you because it's you! Yes, currently all I want to do is fuck you against every surface in this room and believe me, it's taking all of my self control not too," she said, her eyes looked the darkest I'd ever seen.

Pure, desperate arousal rushed through me at the thought of us together. I couldn't think of anything else, "But, Maura, I just love you. I've been thinking too, hard and I think that I might be falling in love with you,"

This time, I was the one who crushed our lips together, this time, I was the one who spun us around and pushed her against the wall. This time, I was the one who kissed her lips with aggression and desperate need, like her lips were my salvation. A loud thunder rumbled above us, briefly stopping our frenzied kissing, "thunder maura," she murmured and kissed my lips, slowly trailing towards my neck.

My hands brushed against her abdomen, my fingers seeking the hem of her top until I felt her soft, warm skin, "Jane. I want to feel you, this needs to come off," I panted through kisses and pulled her suit jacket off. She nodded and arched against me. Our wet clothes clung together just as desperate as we.

A loud thumping sound reached us, stopping us briefly, "Relax baby, it's just the thunder outside," she breathed, peppering kisses down my exposed shoulder. Looking down, I noticed she had unbuttoned half of my blouse. When had she done this? I smirked but I didn't care. At that moment, I couldn't think but feelâ€|

"Don't call me baby," I grinned and pulled her top over her damp curls, exposing her toned abdomen and simple black bra. I licked my lips and took her physique in, Jane was a beautiful work of art. I could have spent hours just trailing each individual muscles, "Jane you're beautiful," I murmured and kneeled down to kiss the muscles I had just been admiring. My fingers played with the button of her trousers. I wanted to feel more of her but what would this mean?

"Maur, if you touch me...like that, I wouldn't be able to stop," she moaned. We were so in tuned with one another that nothing couldn't have broken our world.

"I want you Jane. All of you...on all of the surfaces in my office," I grinned, looking up at her. She smiled, her dimples in full display.

"Okay,"

My lips returned to her stomachâ€!

Just then, a loud knock came from my door. I silently thanked the universe for the room separator I had installed in my office, "Maura!"

My eyes widened, Ian.

"Shit," Jane cursed, and sprung away from me. It's amazing how a beautiful moment could be shattered in the space of seconds. We desperately tucked our shirts back into our trousers with laboured breaths.

"In the bathroom," I whispered and gently pushed her towards the door. I'll forever remember the look she gave me because it broke me, the great Jane Rizzoli looked embarrassed and hurt, and probably felt like a cheap, dirty secret. Then it hit me, I've been pitying myself over this from the start but never took a minute to think about the effects it was having on Jane. She had honour and respect and being with me probably broke several moral codes that she had imposed. When had I become so selfish? The knot in my stomach tighten, I'm sorry Jane, my mind screamed.

Ian knocked louder, he was beginning to get impatient, "Maura, why do you have a phone if you never fucking answer it?" Ian yelled as soon as I opened the door.

"I left it in my car, it was raining and...well I'm sorry it just skipped my mind,"

"Huh huh, it just skipped your mindâ€!" he mocked me.

"Was that before or after you and Jane fucked like horny teenagers?" He yelled, "you know what? That's not even important right now. If you had bothered to answer your phone you would have seen the missed calls from me and your mother,"

"What? Why?"

"Your father has died from a heart attack."

-/-

**A/N: So? What're you think? I'm already writing the next chapter...there's some angst on the way. So sorry. **

End
file.